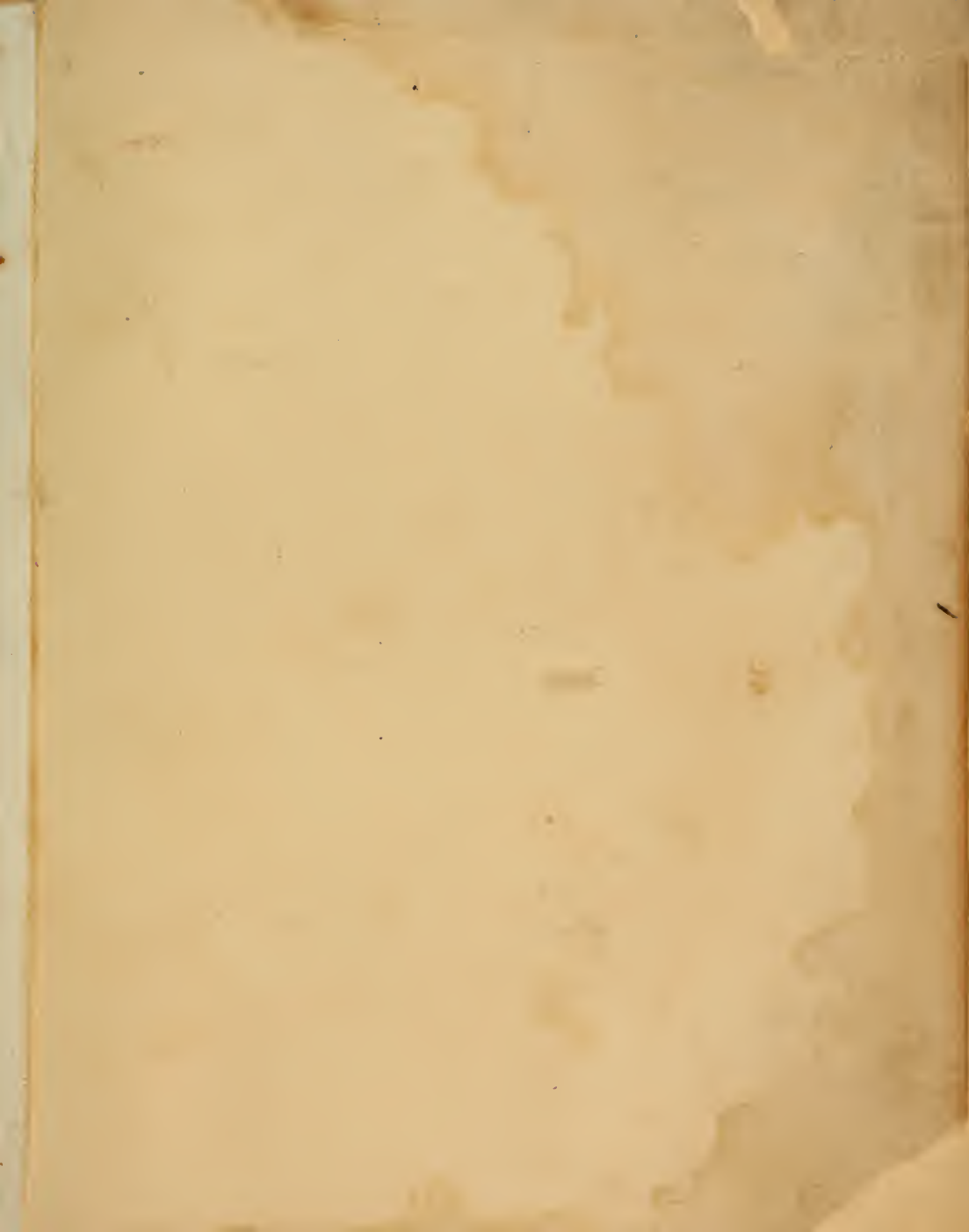


FROM GREENLAND'S Icy MOUNTAINS

5.16.03

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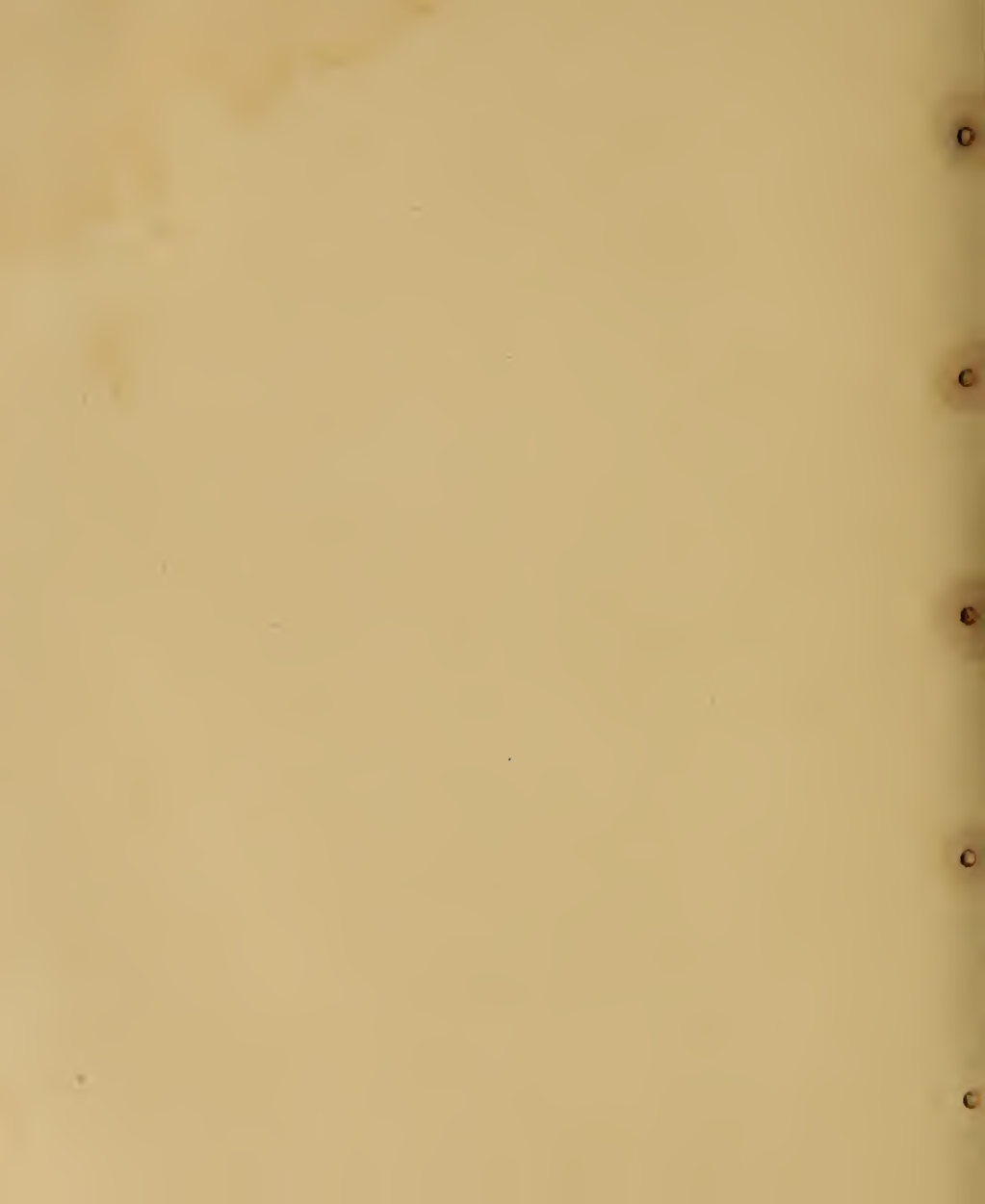
FROM
GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

BY
REGINALD HEBER.

20 ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FREDERIC B. SCHELL.

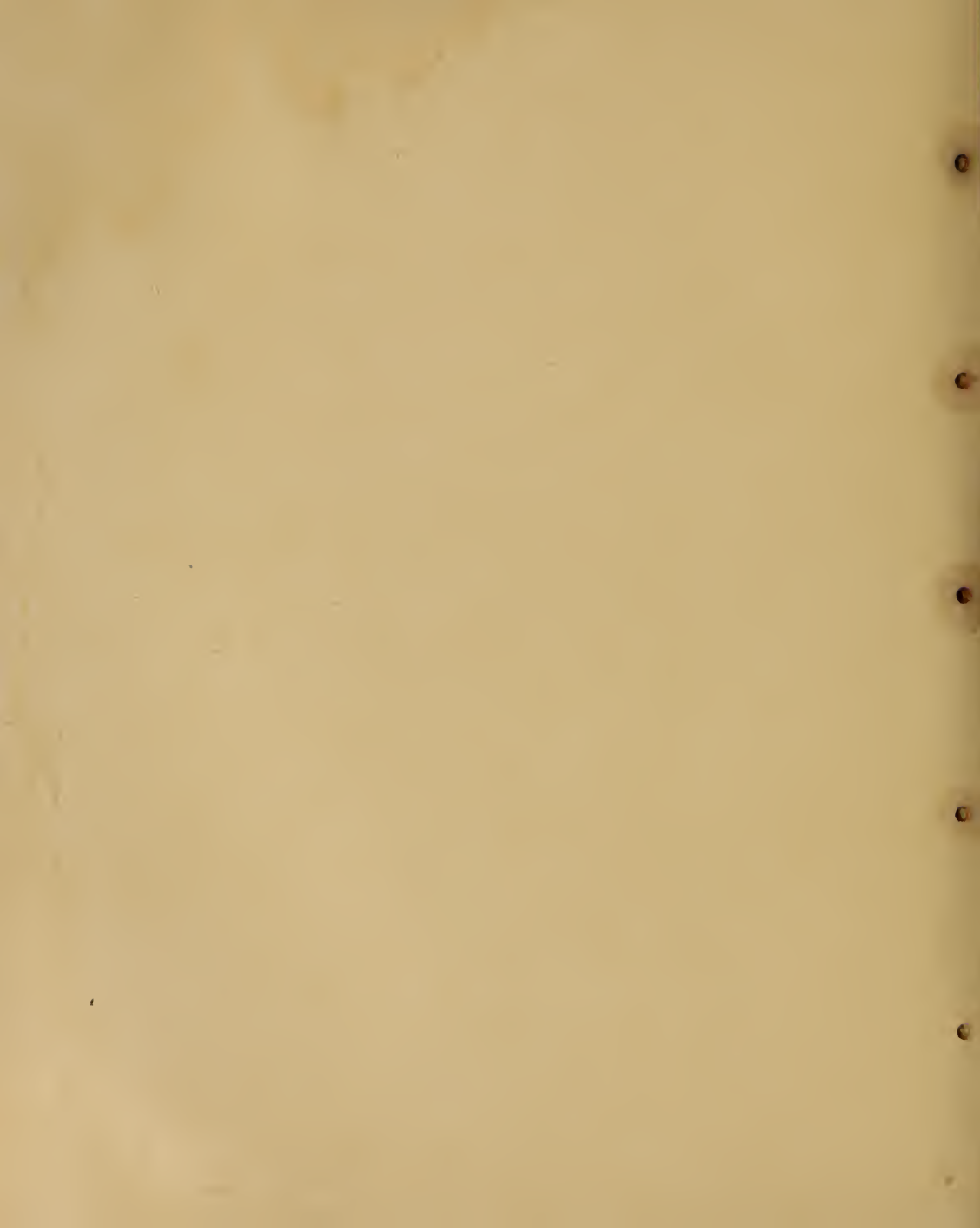
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ILLUSTRATIONS.

SUBJECT.	PAGE
"From many a Palmy Plain"	19
"What though the Spicy Breezes"	21
"Though every Prospect Pleases"	23
"In Vain with Lavish Kindness"	25
"The Heathen in his Blindness"	27
"Can we, whose Souls are Lighted"	29
"Can we to Men Benighted"	31
"Salvation, oh Salvation"	33
"Till each Remotest Nation"	35
"Waft, Waft, ye Winds, His Story"	37
"Till like a Sea of Glory"	39
"Till o'er our Ransom'd Nature"	41
"Redeemer, King, Creator"	43

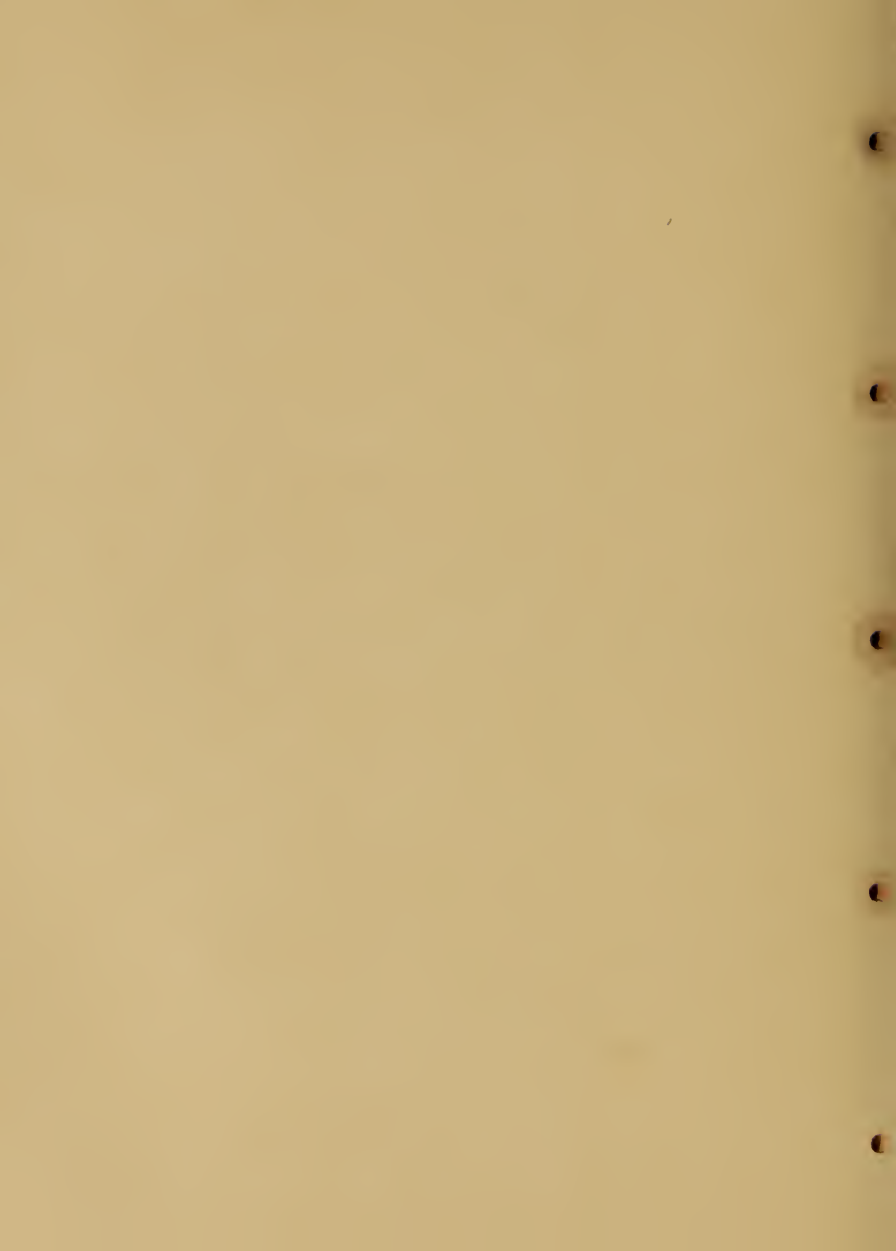






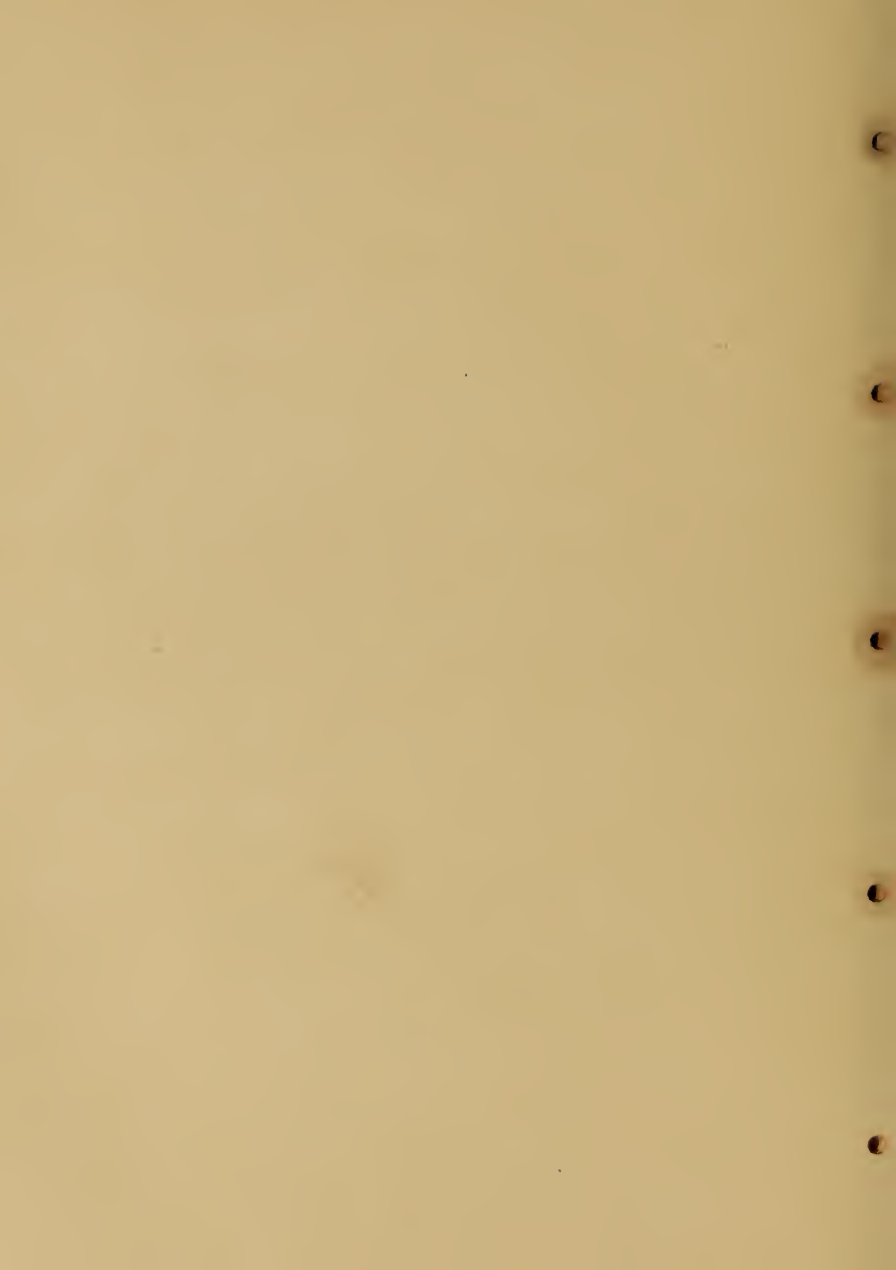


FROM
Greenland's
icy mountains,





FROM
India's
coral strand,



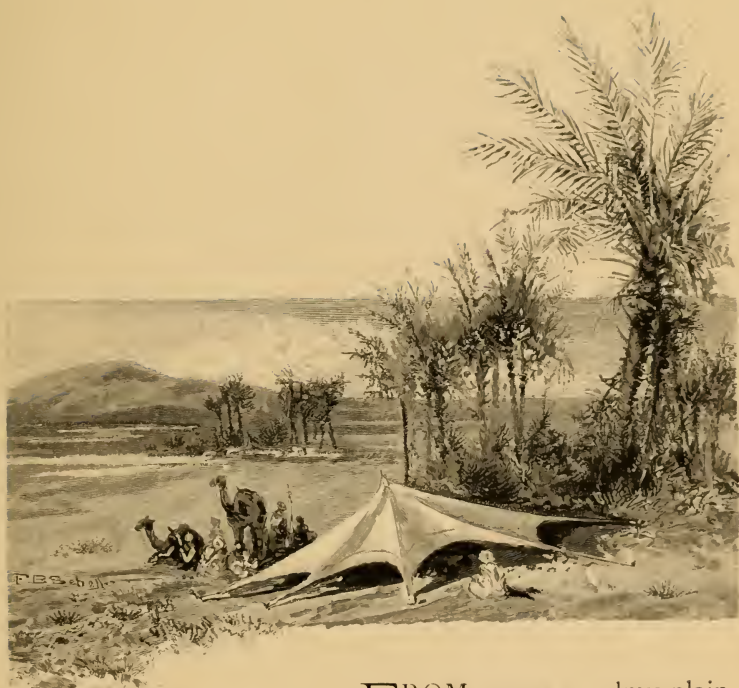


WHERE Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,





FROM many an ancient river,



FROM many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from Error's chain.





WHAT though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,



THOUGH every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?



IN vain with lavish kindness

The gifts of God are
strown:



THE heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.



CAN we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—

CAN we to men be-

nighted

The lamp

of life

deny?

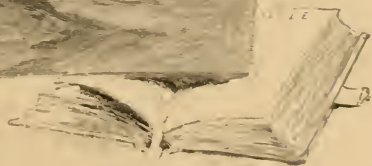




SALVATION! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,



TILL each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.



W AFT, waft, ye
winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,



TILL like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole—



TILL o'er our ransom'd
nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,

"F.B. Schell"



REDEEMER, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.





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